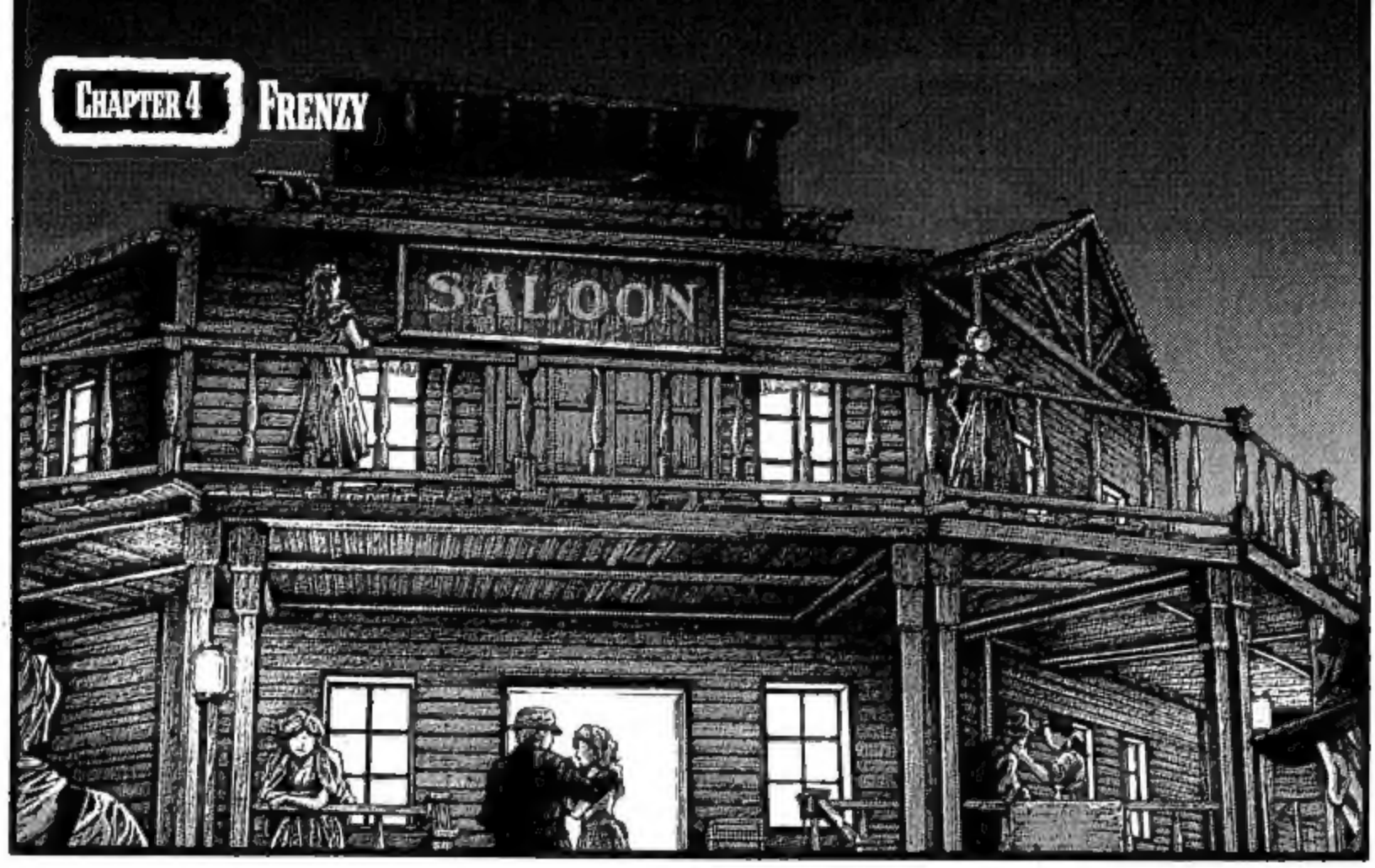
Chapter 4 Frenzy



SO, DID YOUR JOB GO OKAY?

DID YOU FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR DAD?

I SEE...

HEY, BRAD.

HAVE YOU EVER... THOUGHT OF QUITTING YOUR JOB?

YOUR REAL TARGET IS YOUR DAD, RIGHT?

YOU KEEP KILLING PEOPLE YOU DON'T EVEN WANT TO WHILE HIDING THIS SECRET FROM YOUR BROTHER.

.....

I'M USED TO IT.

LIAR.

EVERY TIME AFTER A JOB...

YOU LOOK... LIKE YOU'RE IN PAIN...

EMMA... WHAT ABOUT YOU?

HM?

CREAK

AND YOUR HAND...

YOU'RE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM YOUR PAIN BY HURTING YOURSELF...

I'VE LIVED MY WHOLE LIFE BEING TREATED LIKE A SLAVE.

ME? I'VE GROWN USED TO IT.

...EVER HARD?

IS YOUR JOB...

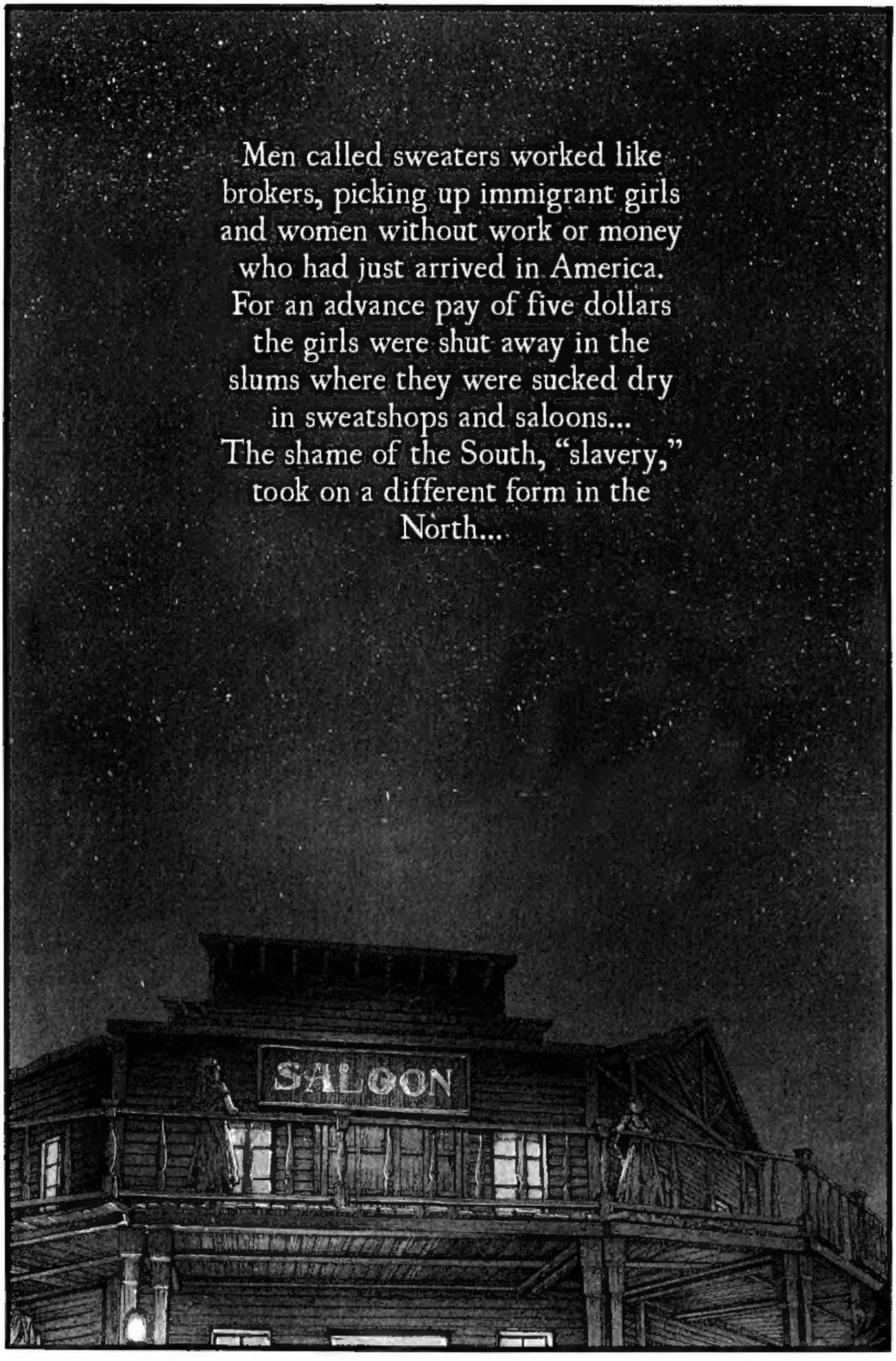
...TO HURT.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT IT FEELS LIKE...

OR HE'LL YELL AT YOU AGAIN.

YOU SHOULD HURRY BACK TO YOUR BROTHER.

Men called sweaters worked like
brokers, picking up immigrant girls
and women without work or money
who had just arrived in America.
For an advance pay of five dollars
the girls were shut away in the
slums where they were sucked dry
in sweatshops and saloons...
The shame of the South, "slavery,"
took on a different form in the
North...



GENE McDOWELL'S BAR

GENE CREAK McDOWELL'S BAR

WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE THIS EARLY?

K-KIP.

IS MY OLD MAN IN?

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON, POPS?!

BAM

PANT

PANT

PANT

DON'T PRETEND YOU DON'T KNOW!

BAM

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

YOU PROMISED ME! YOU SAID YOU'D LET ME TAKE THE NEXT JOB!

I HEARD YOU SENT THE GRIM REAPER TO WHACK THAT STINKIN' COP!

I CAN DO IT BETTER THAN THAT PUNK EVER COULD!

YOU HEAR ME? I DON'T CARE IF HE'S THE FUCKING GRIM REAPER OR NOT, I CAN KILL PEOPLE TOO!

WHAT, COLLECTING MONEY FROM THE SALOONS? THAT'S A FUCKING JOKE.

YOU ALREADY HAVE A JOB.

.....

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH A SHITTY JOB LIKE THAT?

I'M THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO SUCCEED YOU AND RUN THE GANG ONE DAY, REMEMBER?

YOUR JOB IS SHITTY, YOU SAY?

IS THAT HOW YOU TALK TO YOUR BOSS?

MUTTER

GRIND

GRIND

KIP...

WHAT IS OUR PURPOSE?

GRIND

GRIND

SAY IT.

...THE ENTIRE SIXTH BOROUGH.

FOR THE IRISH GANG, THE GRAVE DIGGERS, TO CONTROL...

UNTIL THEN, DO YOUR JOB.

AND STOP BEING JEALOUS OF YOUR MATES.

PRE-CISELY...

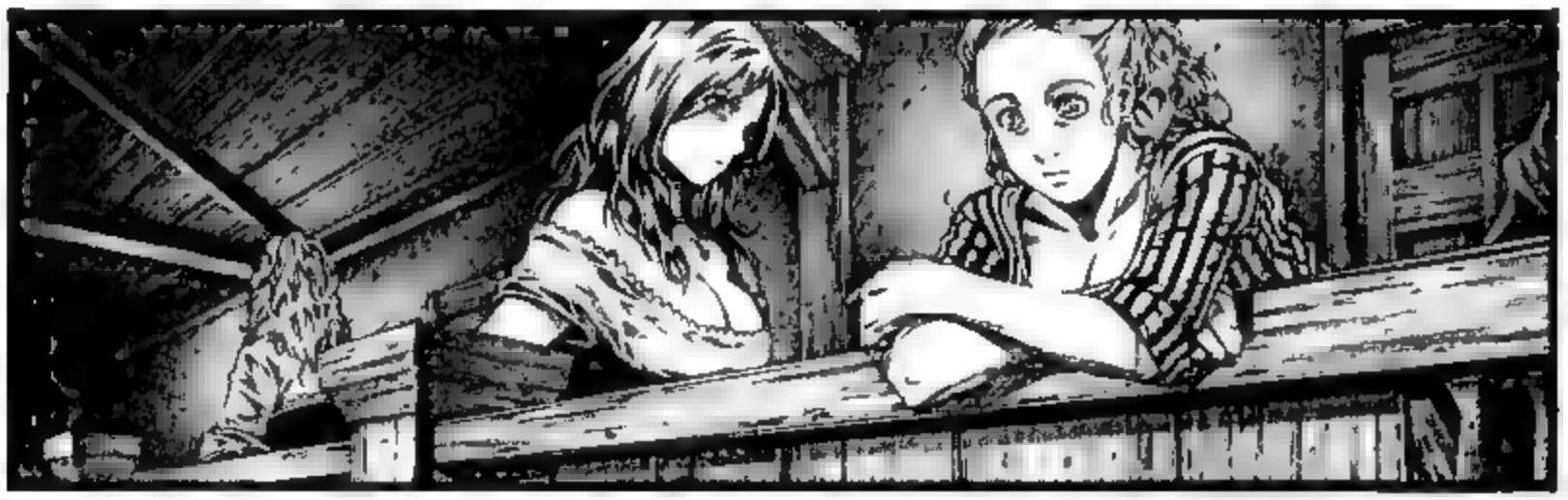
ONE DAY YOU WILL BE IN CHARGE OF THIS ORGANI-ZATION.

FLOMP

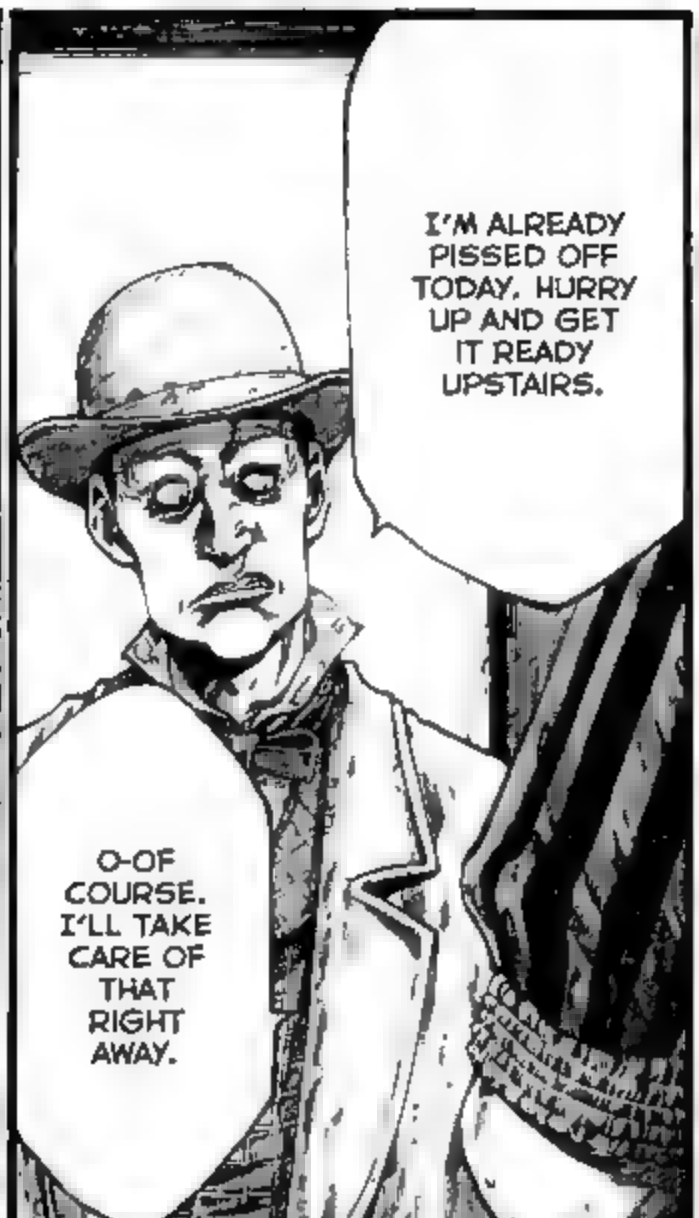
TRY ACTING A LITTLE BIT LIKE MY SON, WILL YOU?

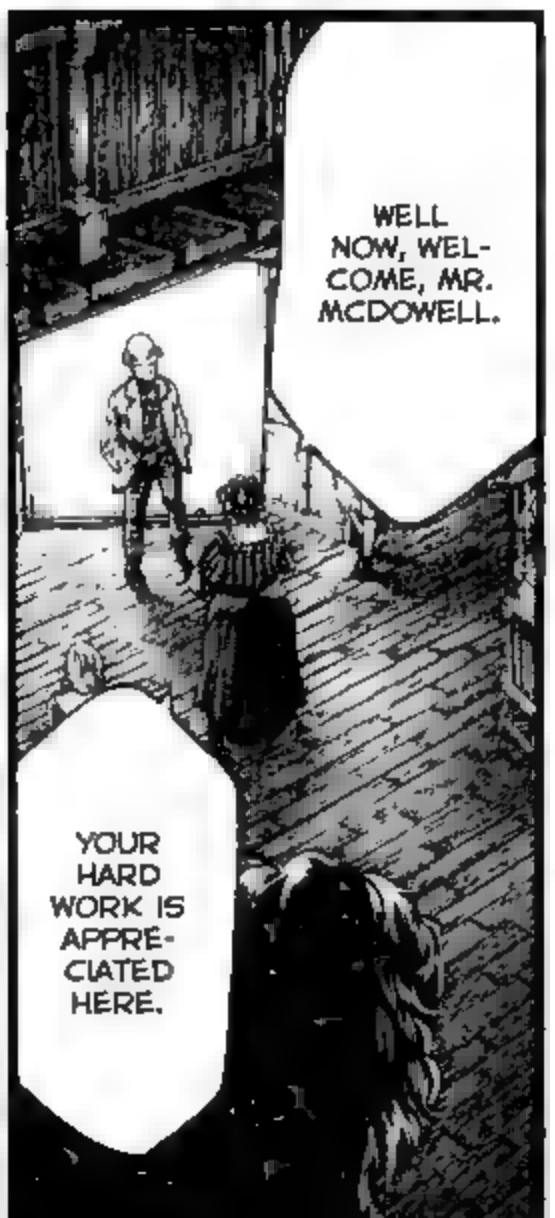
GOOD GRIEF...

SALOON
STEP RIGHT IN!
HEY HONEY, COME OVER HERE...



OH, SIR, WHILE YOU WAIT, PLEASE FEEL FREE TO ENJOY YOURSELF.
WE HAVE A NEW GIRL WHO JUST ARRIVED.


I'M ALREADY PISSED OFF TODAY. HURRY UP AND GET IT READY UPSTAIRS.
O-OF COURSE. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT RIGHT AWAY.


WELL NOW, WELCOME, MR. MCDOWELL.
YOUR HARD WORK IS APPRECIATED HERE.

RUMOR HAS IT HE'S THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY.

HEY, EMMA, WHO'S THAT?

KIP MC-DOWELL.

HE'S THE GRAVE DIGGERS' BOSS'S SON.

COMING!

KAREN, GET DOWN HERE.

SO, IF I GET HIS ATTENTION I COULD MAKE A LOT OF MONEY, HUH?

REALLY? THE BOSS'S SON...

MAKING A FOOL OUT OF ME.

THAT STUPID OLD FART...

I HEARD YOU ARE THE GRAVE DIGGERS' BOSS'S SON.

IS THAT TRUE?

GD

HUH?

SAY, KIP...

Glance

GD

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BELONG TO A GANG BOSS.

IT MUST BE WONDER-FUL.

YEAH, SOMEDAY THE GANG'LL BE MINE.

Really? That's great!

WELL, THAT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR SERVICE.

KEHE ...

HAHAHA, YEAH, YOU DO YOUR BEST.

Click Click

REALLY?! THEN I'LL DO EVERYTHING I CAN TO PLEASE YOU.

...HEY.

WHAT'S WRONG?

Slide

IT'S CUTE...
...AW.

SALOON
WHAAAAAA!

SLAM

HM- WHAT IS IT?

IS IT STILL FUNNY?

HOW ABOUT NOW?

...THEN LAUGH!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

IF IT'S SO FUNNY...

...YOU DIRTY CUNT!
IF IT'S SO FUNNY THEN LAUGH...

PAINTING
FAMILY GROCERY

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS. WHERE WOULD WE FIND THAT KIND OF MONEY?
HEY LUKE, I WANNA HAVE STEAK FOR DINNER TONIGHT.

HOW ABOUT SAYING STUFF LIKE THAT ONCE YOU GET A JOB?
LOOK, BRAD...

SALOON
GIVE ME A BREAK! WE HAVE TO EAT HEALTHY FOOD SOME-TIMES.
.....

WHAT JUST HAPPEN-ED?!
WH-WHAT THE?! SOMEONE JUST FELL!
MY GOD! HOW AWFUL!

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